

The Garland.

A LOVELY WOMAN'S KISS.

I've languished on luxuries,
Produced in every clime;
I've feasted on rich turtle soup,
And supped on oysters prime;
But nothing so delicious,
Within a woman's kiss,
As soft caresses wafted by
A lovely woman's kiss.

I've glasted o'er the festive board,
And drank rich draughts of wine;
I've listened to the art of
To melody divine;
But oh, I never, never met,
Such sweet music as
As thrills the soul when lips receive
A lovely woman's kiss.

In glittering halls of splendor rare,
I've passed the midnight hour;
In gardens beautiful and fair,
I've wandered 'mid the flowers;
But there's a delectable pleasure
A joy I never miss—
A heavenly rapture which is found
In a lovely woman's kiss.

My heart beat when death drew near,
In darkness and in gloom,
May woman smile my pathway cheer,
And light me to the tomb;
And when my soul shall take its flight
To other worlds than this,
May it be wafted to the skies
By a lovely woman's kiss!

Miscellaneous.

JUDGE PUNDERFORD'S JOKE.

Judge Punderford—impressed with a conviction that justice never fulfilled its mission better than when "Judge" was placed before his name: Judge to his wife, Judge to his family, Judge at home and abroad—rigidly and unflinchingly, Judge James Punderford to everybody, particularly to evil doers!

A judge who would have held himself in most reliable but sufficient complaint, and sentenced himself to be hung, if proved guilty of a capital offense, without mercy or compunction—was a man who would have refused to judge an inch, had there been one word too many, or one too few, in any of the legal papers!

He was sixty years of age; but it would have been impossible to convict him, in his own opinion, of being an old man. True, his hair was quite grey; his features deeply furrowed; and his nervous system much deranged; but justice, through the bar and the bench, was answerable for that.

He appeared to feel as young as ever—possibly he did; though, now and then, a twinge of rheumatism reminded him that he was sixty years of age, nothing of the kind; but that the wind had shifted to the east—that a storm was soon coming on, or that the nature of the universe, rather than the nature of Judge Jas. Punderford, was in some way or other tormenting him.

The judge was quite wealthy—owned a large and elegant residence—and had sufficient banking interest to render him easy on the score of money. His wife had died some two years previous to his introduction to the reader, and his family now consisted of Judge Punderford, Judge Punderford's only son, who resided with his father, and Punderford's two married daughters, who lived near neighbors to their august parent. He kept a number of servants; left his household affairs to a housekeeper; and made the best of his somewhat lonely condition; often regretting that he was a widower, and that there were so few women in the world worthy to take the place of the lamented Mrs. P.

The judge was seated in his library; no one present but his son Jack—Jack Punderford, as he was humorously called by his fellows, and "Jack, you rascal," as the old man almost invariably addressed him, when alone with him, as if to remind him that he was always on trial for his follies.

He was about one and twenty years of age; a "very interesting young man," according to the declaration of his lady friends; as wild and reckless as his father was sedate—given to the popular follies of the day; had a circle of fashionable gallants as boon companions; but withal, was naturally intelligent, well educated, possessed an off-hand feeling of manliness and honor; and with all his faults, was really noble and generous in his disposition.

Judge Punderford had been busily engaged with his papers; Jack had been looking thoughtfully into the fire; both were silent.

"Jack, you rascal," said his father, at last, "What are you thinking about?"

"Matrimony," was "Jack you rascal's" brief reply.

"I thought as much, before I had the positive evidence, but let me inform you that matrimony is the last subject you should think about, without you are going to marry. Let me have no more Miss Matilda affairs. Matrimony without marriage is a humbug! But I perceive that you are bent on getting your neck into a noose."

"Nothing of the sort," was the response. "I have met a beautiful woman; the fairest and best of her sex; she is charming, her love is a true one, and she is a woman of a large fortune. I have asked her to become his wife, and she has accepted him; and since that time she has learned that his father never would consent to their union, and this information had made her very wretched."

"And what did she want of you?" asked Jack.

"My advice of course. Advice from a man that is capable of giving it—advice from Judge James Punderford!"

"Of course I did. She did not know whether to marry the object of her choice or not, in view of the father's opposition. From all that I can learn, the aforesaid object was very much after your pattern, a graceless young scamp, you rascal, but good hearted and well meaning, and in this case, very much devoted to my client—that is to Miss Norton—and really sincere in his desire to marry her. You know that I have never advised a resort to extremities, in any case, as the best course of procedure—my practice was always against it; but in this instance, after conversing an hour or so with Miss Norton, I concluded that the young scamp's father was a heartless old reprobate, not to appreciate her charms and her worth, and my advice was to this point, that she marry her lover as soon as she could lay hands on him, finding the felt convinced of his sincerity, and that he was able to support her independently of assistance from his father."

"That was an extraordinary proceeding for you," said Jack, gravely.

"Extraordinary! you must bear in mind that Miss Norton is an extraordinary woman. I have never been so well pleased with the manners and conversation, not to speak of personal beauty, of one of her age, in all my life. Delicious creature! I was only too glad to champion her extremes, and prove that any is needed in the end. I advised her to marry by all means; and told her I would use my influence, after 'twas all over, to pacify the old sinner of a father. He must be an awful old curmudgeon, if he can long resist her beauties and entreaties."

"And so she has married?"

ing that he had made an impression, Jack continued.

"If you knew Miss Bates, you would not say a word against her, or in opposition to her wishes. I shall urge my desire till you grant it."

But the Judge was not to be thus beaten.

"I have no objection to your marrying," said he, seriously; "in fact the sooner you marry the better; but let it be with some one who is worthy of being Mrs. Punderford. Marry, but don't forget your dignity—our dignity."

"As for Miss Bates, I have not seen her since she was a child, as you have hinted; but I know her family are poor, and altogether out of our circle. She may be attractive—doubtless she is, or she would not have obtained such a hold upon your mind as you seem to evince; but I have no doubt your 'love' will go the way of all your past loves in a couple of weeks."

"She is too good a girl to trifle with, but not one that I could receive as my wife. So, whatever may be your present infatuation, say no more to me on the subject of marrying her. That is out of the question. I shall never consent to it—never!"

The judge spoke kindly, but appeared unusually serious. Jack didn't speak at all, but he looked quite as serious as his father, and a great deal more resolute.

About a week after the foregoing conversation, Judge Punderford came into his son's room, in high spirits, smiling, rubbing his hands together, and stepping as lively as if he had been forty years younger.

"It's a capital joke," said he, "capital! I wish you could have seen her!"

"Seen who?" asked Jack lazily.

"Sit down, you rascal, and I will tell you all about it! What a pleasure it is for an old man to have a son he can put confidence in. I always tell you my important secrets, for you are generally sensible in your advice and discreet in your conversation."

"Except when Miss Bates is concerned," suggested Jack with a bitter sarcasm.

"Oh, hang Miss Bates! If you had seen her, you would never mention—"

"But who is her?" interrupted Jack.

"Why the charming creature that has just been to see me, and visited me, also, day before yesterday, the most charming young lady I ever saw. The joke is a capital one—capital!" and again the Judge joyfully rubbed his hands together.

"But what is the joke?"

"I will tell you all about it. Day before yesterday, while you were absent, and I was looking over some papers in the library, the servant brought me word that a young lady was in the parlor, who had called to see me on important business—charming creature!"

"I told Maggie to show her to my room. Well, up she came, tripping up stairs like a fairy—delicious fairy! and knocking softly on my door, and timidly, no, just as if she were putting a child on the head—'I knew she was a lady, a true lady, a lady of taste and refinement, none of your Miss Bateses, by the very rustle of her dress—' Well, in she came, timidly, but gracefully, with a slight blush upon her features—and such features! You never saw such a beautiful, so classical and intelligent in their beauty, so expressive of a free and innocent mind—wonderful creature!"

"Her eyes were full of smiles, and each smile was enough to light a universe!—You never saw such eyes in your life, nor such a beautiful form, nor such a dimpled chin, and richly tinted cheeks—"

"Gracious! you are getting poetical!" ejaculated Jack. "I hope you don't fall in love with her!"

"Lovely fairy—it's a capital joke," proceeded the Judge. "I invited her to be seated, and waited for what had procured me the honor of such a delightful interview. She spoke and such a delicious voice! Talk about the warbling of birds; the best of them are bull-frogs in comparison with the warbling voice of this visitor."

"She said she had come to see me on a delicate matter and one in which her feelings were intimately concerned; not exactly to ask my legal services but my advice on a matter that appeared to have a great and important bearing upon her future career. Her name she said was Miss Ellen Norton!"

"Miss Ellen Norton?"

Such was her name. She is of medium height, very bright eyes, black hair, lovely features—and such exquisite grace in every one of those characteristics. Do you know her?"

"I will not be certain," said Jack dubiously, but with a very singular look upon his features, as if certain of more than he cared to express; "but I believe that I have seen her."

"If so, you could never forget her, if you had your eyes and ears about you. Well, this lovely young creature was in love with a young man, and very deeply and devotedly in love, if there was anything in judging by her words. She was poor, almost penniless, her lover was the son of a rich man, her expectant to a large fortune. He had asked her to become his wife, and she had accepted him; and since that time she had learned that his father never would consent to their union, and this information had made her very wretched."

"And what did she want of you?" asked Jack.

"My advice of course. Advice from a man that is capable of giving it—advice from Judge James Punderford!"

"Of course I did. She did not know whether to marry the object of her choice or not, in view of the father's opposition. From all that I can learn, the aforesaid object was very much after your pattern, a graceless young scamp, you rascal, but good hearted and well meaning, and in this case, very much devoted to my client—that is to Miss Norton—and really sincere in his desire to marry her. You know that I have never advised a resort to extremities, in any case, as the best course of procedure—my practice was always against it; but in this instance, after conversing an hour or so with Miss Norton, I concluded that the young scamp's father was a heartless old reprobate, not to appreciate her charms and her worth, and my advice was to this point, that she marry her lover as soon as she could lay hands on him, finding the felt convinced of his sincerity, and that he was able to support her independently of assistance from his father."

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"And so she has married?"

"Not yet—but the ceremony is to be performed to-night. And that is not the best of it; there's another item to be considered; ha, ha! it's a capital joke—capital! The ceremony is to be performed here, in this house—in fact in my library!"

"You don't say so?"

"But it's a fact—I can assure you. I took the whole management of the business into my own hands—lovely creature! She said there might be efforts made to interrupt the affair, unless everything was kept quiet; and so I offered to procure a clergyman, and have the happy couple made happier here—capital joke! Wont the old sinner wince?"

"No you rascal the lover's father, of course, the frozen hearted old sinner. I shall send for our own minister, Mr. Carson, and have everything conducted in a secret manner. The happy couple are to wear masks on their arrival, and until after the ceremony is performed; and no one is presumed to know what Miss Norton the lady is, or whose son the lover is, until it is too late to undo them, or the knot that makes them together. Understood? In fact, I don't know who the happy man is, as she suggested, very sensibly, that after lending my house and services to such a scene, it would be better for me not to know too much about the actors until the affair was over. 'T was only a whim on my part, but I did not care to oppose it, as I shall know all about it soon enough," and the Judge sighed.

"I am surprised at the extraordinary interest you have taken in this matter."

"And indeed, so am I," was the response. "I have consented to assist her in marrying another, it is the greatest wonder that I have not offered to marry her myself—"

"While she was here, the last time, I seriously thought for a few moments, of offering marriage!"

"The d—d you did!" cried Jack in alarm.

"Certainly; and if I had felt sure that she could be persuaded to accept, I am not sure but I would have proposed, and promised to die within three years, if possible, to give her the bulk of my property. The only thing that prevented, was her deep love for the other party, and the constancy and devotion she evinced for him."

"Thunder!" said Jack and Jack never said "thunder," only when he was vexed as well as extremely astonished.

"However," continued the Judge, "I shall be better satisfied at seeing the dear creature happy with the man of her choice. He's a lucky dog for such a woman is not found every day. If I were a man, I would give her the bulk of my property. The only thing that prevented, was her deep love for the other party, and the constancy and devotion she evinced for him."

"And Judge Punderford soon passed out of the room, leaving Jack with a very singular look of intelligence and gratification upon his features, he muttered:

"None of your Miss Bateses! We'll see."

The evening was pretty well advanced. In Judge Punderford's handsomely furnished library which was unusually well lighted a party had collected, consisting of four persons, two of whom were masked—the Judge sat rigidly in his chair with a grave expression upon his countenance, and looking at the minister. The minister was looking at the Judge, and occasionally at the lovers; and the lovers were looking at each other. Seated side by side upon the sofa, the tall and well knit form of the young man, and the beautiful person of Miss Norton, would have reminded an observer of the oak and the ivy; he all strength and manliness, and she all gentleness and love.

They rise and stand before the man of God, the young man serious, the fair young being by his side, thrilling with joyous excitement. The solemn questions are asked—the low, glad earnest responses are given, and the happy couple are declared man and wife. Then the eyes of the Judge are fixed earnestly upon them, for the name, to which the maiden had answered did not seem to be "Miss Norton," and the minister had uttered the bridegroom's name in such a low voice that the Judge did not understand it. He seems to question; and from them he looks to Mr. Carson.

"You may unmask," said the Rev. gentleman, with a kind smile; "appear in your true character to your best friend, and may you love be happy."

The masks are raised. Two faces are turned earnestly towards the Judge; and as he gazes upon that of the quondam minister, the minister electrified him by whispering "Miss Bates!" His eyes then rest upon the ground, and with an exclamation of wonder and astonishment, he starts to his feet.

"Jack, you rascal!"

But Jack and his bride are kneeling at his feet, looking very desirous of reconciling him; and as the truth burst upon his mind, and he recollects how near he himself was, at no very remote period, to offering to make "Miss Bates," Mrs. Punderford exclaims in as hearty and cheerful a voice as ever he uttered:

"Lovely creature! it's a capital joke!"

—American Union.

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A HORSE-SHOE of novel construction has lately been brought forward. The main merit claimed for it is that it can be used without the ordinary nails, the mode of fastening it being by means of a thin iron cap fitted as an external covering to the foot, to which the body of the shoe is attached by a small nail rod, attaching the sides at their ends.

PADDY'S IDEA OF PERDITION.—Pat McCarty was a brother of a boy, and altogether a "demon" a man and as handy with a spade as any one of the whole five hundred who were at work upon the railroad, then and now in process of building in the northern part of Ohio. He was a great favorite with the overseer, on account of his faithfulness and integrity of character, but he had one fault that sorely grieved his employer. Though as sober as a sexton for six days in the week, Pat could never resist the temptations of "pay day," and when Saturday came round never failed to get as "drunk as a lord."

Having tried every other reformatory expedient in vain, the overseer at length brought to the priest, and prevailed on Pat to "take the pledge," and sent him on his way rejoicing. But, alas! the next day was "too many" for poor Pat, who staggering through the village at noon, met no less a personage than the priest who had attempted to reform him. "You're lost, Pat—completely lost!" said his reverence, with a sigh of genuine sorrow. Pat was bewildered for a moment, but having stared at him until he had fairly ascertained his local whereabouts, he exclaimed triumphantly. "Lost—is it lost I am lost, in broad day-light, half way round Jimmie Stacy's and the court-house?—to the devil wid you nonsense!"

Difficulties desolve before a cheerful spirit, like snow-drifts before the sun.

The young lady who "jumped at an offer" dislocated her ankle and threw her heart out of place. At last accounts she was recovering. Leaping his dangers.

A large elm tree which began to show symptoms of decay, was chopped down recently, on the farm of Mr. Cozzens, in the southern part of Campbell co., Ky., when the skeleton of a woman, with a little dried shrivelled flesh adhering to the bones, was found in a cleft of the tree about twenty feet from the ground.

Stage Lines.

E. P. JOHNSON & CO'S SHELBYVILLE AND LOUISVILLE ACCOMMODATION LINE OF FOUR HORSE COACHES, will leave Shelbyville every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 6 o'clock, returning to Louisville every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at 2 o'clock, a. m., and arriving at Louisville at 10 o'clock, a. m., returning to Louisville on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 2 o'clock, a. m., and arriving at Shelbyville at 6 p. m.

Passengers will be called for and delivered in any part of the city they may desire, and carried through in one hour less time than by any other public conveyance, and at less cost.

Arrive in Louisville in time for Cincinnati boats, and leave for Cincinnati boats.

Having used every means in our power to accommodate the public, we respectfully ask a liberal share of their patronage, so long as we pursue the same course.

OFFICES—In Shelbyville, at T. C. McGrath's Store, in Louisville, at the Merchants' Hotel, formerly Bledsoe House, Fifth street, between Main and Market.

May 20, 1855. R. R. RUSSELL & CO.

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This line leaves Shelbyville at 6 o'clock, a. m., and arrives at Frankfort at 10 o'clock, a. m., returning to Louisville at 2 o'clock, a. m., and arriving at Louisville at 10 o'clock, a. m., returning to Louisville on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 2 o'clock, a. m., and arriving at Shelbyville at 6 p. m.

Passengers will be called for and delivered in any part of the city they may desire, and carried through in one hour less time than by any other public conveyance, and at less cost.

Arrive in Louisville in time for Cincinnati boats, and leave for Cincinnati boats.

Having used every means in our power to accommodate the public, we respectfully ask a liberal share of their patronage, so long as we pursue the same course.

OFFICES—In Shelbyville, at T. C. McGrath's Store, in Louisville, at the Merchants' Hotel, formerly Bledsoe House, Fifth street, between Main and Market.

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